

OBEDIENCE.

SARAH STAUB.

This is my first attempt to write for the EVANGELIST, but by the grace and help of God I will try and obey my feelings. I am a reader of the EVANGELIST and could hardly do without it, for it helps build up and keep us encouraged on this blessed way. That is what we need as we journey through life. We find the more obedient we are to Christ's teachings and the closer we keep to the foot of the cross, the more blessings we receive from him day by day. We had in our Sunday-school lesson a few weeks ago, "Jesus on the cross," and what a grand lesson it was for us all if we would only think about it more, how he was nailed to the rugged cross, suffered and died that we might be redeemed from our sins. How much there is in that for us all, if we only think about it. He also left a work for us to do, and if we are faithful and obedient in doing this great work, he has promised to all such, a crown of life, but that crown we will not receive until the end. Therefore let us be faithful and obedient and we shall receive that crown.

We held our Communion on Tuesday eve, June 4. We had a good meeting, it was indeed a feast to the soul for us all. Brother Pearson was with us to assist Brother Summers in the good work. Some of the brethren and sisters were with us from Bloomer and Pittsburg. We are glad to say that there are still more getting tired of sin and are willing to come out and confess Christ. On Sunday one more was taken to the river and buried in baptism. May she ever be found trusting in the Lord. "Still there is more to follow." Brethren and sisters let us ever be in prayer for each other and for those that are yet away from Christ, that they may come before it is everlastingly too late, that it cannot be said of us when we come before the great judgment, thou hast not done thy duty. From a sister in Christ.

Jan 19, 1895.

BE YE READY.

ARTIE GARDNER.

"Be ye therefore ready also for the Son of man cometh at an hour when you think not." Luke 12: 40. Ready we must be if we want to inherit eternal life. The time is at hand, now is the accepted time, we can not wait until he comes. "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is to-day: the night cometh, when no man can work." John 9: 4.

Simply the time cometh when no man can work. We must do his will. We can do nothing of ourselves. But that which the Lord has commanded, that we must

do, nothing more or nothing less. Jesus answered, "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night he stumbleth, because there is no light in him." John 11: 9, 10.

If our spirits are full of his light we will never stumble. If we walk in the light and do not see where we go we have no light in us. We are blind. Then is when we stumble. It takes a bright light, one that can not be blown out. "Walk while ye have light, lest darkness comes upon you, for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth."

Watch. This does not mean to watch the signs of the times in order, if possible to be able to determine just when Jesus may be expected. The reference is rather to watchfulness over one's life so that there may be no fear in meeting Jesus, though he may appear unexpected. See Mark 13: 32-37.

Jesus will ask not whether we have done some great deed, or whether we have been successful in our work. He will only ask whether we have faithfully done his commandments, and it is the faithful who will receive the reward.

Jesus does not over-look the slightest service rendered him. The good Book tells us of many crowns, of robes and seals of honor reserved for those who faithfully labor. Though we know not the time he will come, we do know he will surely come. May we be worthy, that when he does come he will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou unto the joy of thy Lord."

Turlock, Calif.

"WHAT ARE BOYS GOOD FOR?"

It was a bright answer that was made by a quick-witted boy to a cross old man, and there is food for reflection in it for the boys of to-day, who are to be the men of to-morrow.

A cross-grained old gentleman who had quite outgrown his love for children, and who had forgotten that he himself was once a boy, was making his way along a crowded city street, when a bright-faced lad crossed his path.

"Get out of my way!" were the old man's surly words. "What are you boys good for, anyway, I should like to know?"

The boy looked up in his face with a pleasant smile as he promptly replied:—

"We are what they make *men* out of; that's what we are good for."

THE right to give advice belongs only to those who are willing to accept it.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A newspaper correspondent who was present at a review of the Austrian cavalry, narrates the following incident:

It is a grand sight—twenty to forty thousand horses, while each and every horse knows and understands the slightest note of the bugle, sweeping over a broad plain, and changing positions like an enormous machine guided by an unerring master hand. It must be seen to be appreciated; words cannot reproduce the picture. On a certain occasion an event happened which lent an interest most thrilling to the military scene. It was at a review, held in Vienna, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of Maria Theresa.

Not far from thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child (a girl of not more than four years,) standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of huzzars came sweeping around from the main body. They had made the detour for the purpose of saluting the empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others; for their could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable; and such a terrible destruction—the tramping to death by a thousand iron hoofs?

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it safely upon his saddlebow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and two women there were—the mother and the empress—who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents; and a proud and happy moment must it have been for the hussar when his emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enameled cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of the brave and gallant trooper!

"FOLLY is joy that is destitute of wisdom," but a delinquent subscriber causeth suffering in the house of a newspaper maker.